



The STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE

By FREDERICK LEWIS, Author of "What Happened to Mary"

Pictures by
FRANK MURRAY

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CHAPTER XIV. New Clues.

"If you please, Mr. Langdon, may I speak to you a moment, sir?" The deferential voice halted Philip as he was on his way from court to Mary's cell, and he swung about with the frown of one whose days are made up of unpleasant interruptions by strangers.

Langdon had been at the office most of the night looking up certain points of law and his temper was none too good.

"Well?" he snapped, and the pallid-faced man with the stooped shoulders winced and drew back a little.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I thought I ought to tell you, sir. It's—it's about the guns."

"The guns?" The frown faded from Langdon's face, and he looked down at the man with a sudden interest.

"Who are you?"

"James Watson, sir. I am a waiter at the Criterion Club where Mr. Pollock resided. I also acted as his confidential man during my off hours, sir. You see, I am an extra, not a regular waiter in the dining-room."

Langdon drew a deep breath and laid his hand on the other's stooped and servile shoulder.

"This is not the place to talk," he said quietly. "You'd better come down to my office with me. I have a few minutes yet before the recess is over."

The man bowed, and Langdon, turning, led the way into the private room beyond the court-room, and waving the waiter to a chair, sat down himself on the edge of the table.

"Now," he said, "what about the guns?"

"Well, it's this way, sir," said James, twirling his hat in his nervous fingers.

"I used to be in Mr. Pollock's room a lot, sir, and I knew all his guns. He had a lot of them—they were a sort of fad of his. There was two pairs of revolvers—duelling pistols, he called 'em—but that there gun in court ain't one of those."

"It was his own special one. He had the barrel sawed off extra short so it would fit easy in his pocket. He showed it to me, and said that if anybody ever did for him, they'd have to move quicker than he did. And then, sir, it was his own gun that killed him. Life's a queer thing, ain't it?"

Langdon nodded vaguely, too disappointed at the failure of this new hope to pay much attention to what the man was saying.

"I suppose," he said drily, "you won't mind telling that fact in court, will you?"

He looked sharply at the waiter.

"No, sir."

The waiter hesitated a moment, then flushed and stammered, "I—I wish it might have been one of a pair, sir, if it would have helped the young lady; my wife and I admired her picture so. I took quite an interest, you see, being as how I knew him, sir. I'd seen her photograph in his room, too, and—I know what sort of a man he was. I ain't sorry he's dead, and I'd like to help if I could. One night I saw him grab her by the arm and I could see she hated him."

"I saw her that night, Mr. Pollock gimme a pass, and afterwards I saw him."

He broke off abruptly, then leaned forward staring up at Langdon, the life-long servility of the man who serves falling from him for a minute as he said sharply:

"Mr. Langdon, Mr. Pollock had a fight with somebody over the telephone at the club that night, and he didn't go to the Hotel Republic alone!"

"What?"

Philip's exclamation was shrill in its excitement but before he could ask any questions that rushed to his lips, the bailiff rapped at the door, announcing that His Honor was ready to reopen court.

With a shrug of impatience Langdon gathered up the papers he had flung upon the table.

"I shall have to put you on the stand, and ask the questions I would like to ask now," he said to the waiter. "You don't mind, I suppose?"

There was a note of anxiety in his voice.

"That is what I am here for, sir," said the little man with a calmness that was not without dignity. "My wife is in the court, sir, waiting to hear me."

He spoke rather proudly; the attitude of a waiter seemed suddenly to leave him.

He was like a soldier who has hesitated, and then, having made up his mind a night, goes invincibly to battle.

Langdon smiled, and clapped him on the shoulder in a friendly fashion that brought a flush of pride to the face of the older man.

Then he led the way out into the corridor again.

At the door of the witness room he paused a moment and opening it, called to Brennan, the detective, who had figured in the trailing of Daniels, and said quietly:

"I want Dave Pollock's chauffeur. If possible, have him in court within an hour or two."

"Yes, sir."

"And Brennan—get the carriage man at the Hotel Republic, too. The man who was on duty in front of the hotel

on the night Pollock was killed. It's important. We must work quickly. There isn't a moment to lose."

"I'll have them here, sir, don't you fear."

And, snatching up his hat, Brennan set off down the corridor at a brisk trot, the waiter staring after him and nodding with pleasure at being able to comprehend the orders that the lawyer had given.

"They can prove all I say, sir," he said to Langdon. "I hope it will help. Shall you put me on the stand at once?"

"Yes," said Langdon. "I'm going to call you the first thing. You mustn't be nervous about it, though. It's not really such an ordeal as it sounds."

"I shan't be nervous, sir," said the waiter, but his face did pale a little when he saw the crowded room and the judge.

He acted like a man who had never been in a court-room before.

He took the oath firmly, however, and his voice, though a bit shaky, was

clear as he answered Langdon's questions.

His name, he said, was James Watson. He was forty-three years old and was employed as a waiter at the Criterion Club.

"You see, sir," he went on confidentially, "there is not enough work in the dining-room to keep us busy except at meal times. They keep one or two men on duty on account of orders for drinks, but the rest of us serve only at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. That leaves us some free time and we mostly have one or two of the gentlemen who live at the Club to look after."

"I was man for Mr. Pollock. That is, I looked after his clothes and attended to his wants in the way of valeting."

"Watson, when was the last time you saw Mr. Pollock?"

"After the theatre, sir, on the night when he was—when he died."

He uttered the last phrase almost in a whisper; and there was the awe in his voice of the uneducated at the mention of death.

"Did he dine at the club?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he seem uneasy about anything?"

Langdon was gaining confidence in this unheeded witness.

"Well, he had been drinking pretty heavily, and he was always ugly, if I may say so, sir, when he had been drinking. Maybe I ought not to tell that, though? He seemed excited, but I thought it was probably about the performance, sir."

"Did he say anything about carrying

a gun that night? Think now, before you reply."

"No, sir," the waiter answered without the slightest hesitation. "But he swore when he came home that afternoon, sir, because his pet particular revolver had been taken away from him."

"Did he tell you where or how he lost it?"

"I couldn't see an arm as somebody opened the door for Mr. Pollock, and I heard a voice say, 'It's all right, chief. It's a cinch.'"

"Could you see them?"

Langdon was overjoyed at the ready answers he was receiving.

If he had trained this man for a couple of days he could not have asked for better results.

"No, I could see an arm as somebody opened the door for Mr. Pollock, and I heard a voice say, 'It's all right, chief. It's a cinch.'"

"And as the waiter stepped down with

feur, Carter, is in court. You can call him right away. I'll have the other here in a jiffy, Brennan."

With a smile of relief Langdon turned back to his witness.

"Was that the last time you saw Mr. Pollock?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all, thank you, Mr. Watson."

And as the waiter stepped down with

SYNOPSIS

MARY PAGE, an actress, is accused of the murder of David Pollock, and is defended by her lover Philip Langdon. Pollock has been pursuing Mary for many months endeavoring to win her love and her hand in marriage, but his attentions have been very unwelcome to her.

Knowing her stage aspirations, he has, unknown to her, financed her starring tour under the management of Daniels.

On the night of the murder, Mary leaves the banquet hall in the Hotel Republic and enters the Gray Room alone expecting to meet Langdon. She has been

lured there by Pollock, who has been drinking.

A few moments later a shot is heard and Langdon and others, upon entering the Gray Room find David Pollock shot through the heart and Mary Page lying in a faint beside him with Pollock's revolver not six inches from the ends of her fingers.

At Mary's trial she admits she had the revolver. Pollock had invaded her dressing room at the theatre, Langdon had come to her rescue, the revolver had been knocked from Pollock's hand and Mary had seized and retained it. She had put it in her hand bag

the night of the murder intending giving it to Langdon.

Her maid testifies that Mary threatened Pollock with it previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon.

How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder.

Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temporary insanity in Mary.

The defense is "repressed psychosis." Witnesses described Mary's flight from her intoxicated father and his suicide.

Nurse Walton describes the kidnapping of Mary by Pollock, and Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggles to become an actress, of Pollock's pursuit of her and of another occasion when the smell of liquor drove Mary insane.

There is evidence that Daniels, Mary's manager, threatened Pollock. Mary faints on the stand and again goes insane when a policeman offers her whisky.

Daniels testifies that Pollock threatened to kill Mary and Langdon and actually attempted to kill Langdon.

Two witnesses describe Mary's flight to the street from the hotel and her abduction by men from a gambling place near by. Further evidence seems to incriminate Daniels.

Maggie Hale, inmate of a gambling den, testifies that she was at the hotel and heard two men quarreling in the Gray Room a short time before the murder. Her evidence seems to increase suspicion against Daniels.

Daniels privately informs Langdon that Mary Page did not kill Pollock and that if Mary is in danger of going to the electric chair he will tell all he knows of the case.

He did not seem happy over the prospect of being made so conspicuous.

"You were Mr. Pollock's chauffeur, were you not?" asked Langdon, and the man nodded.

"Then will you please take the stand?"

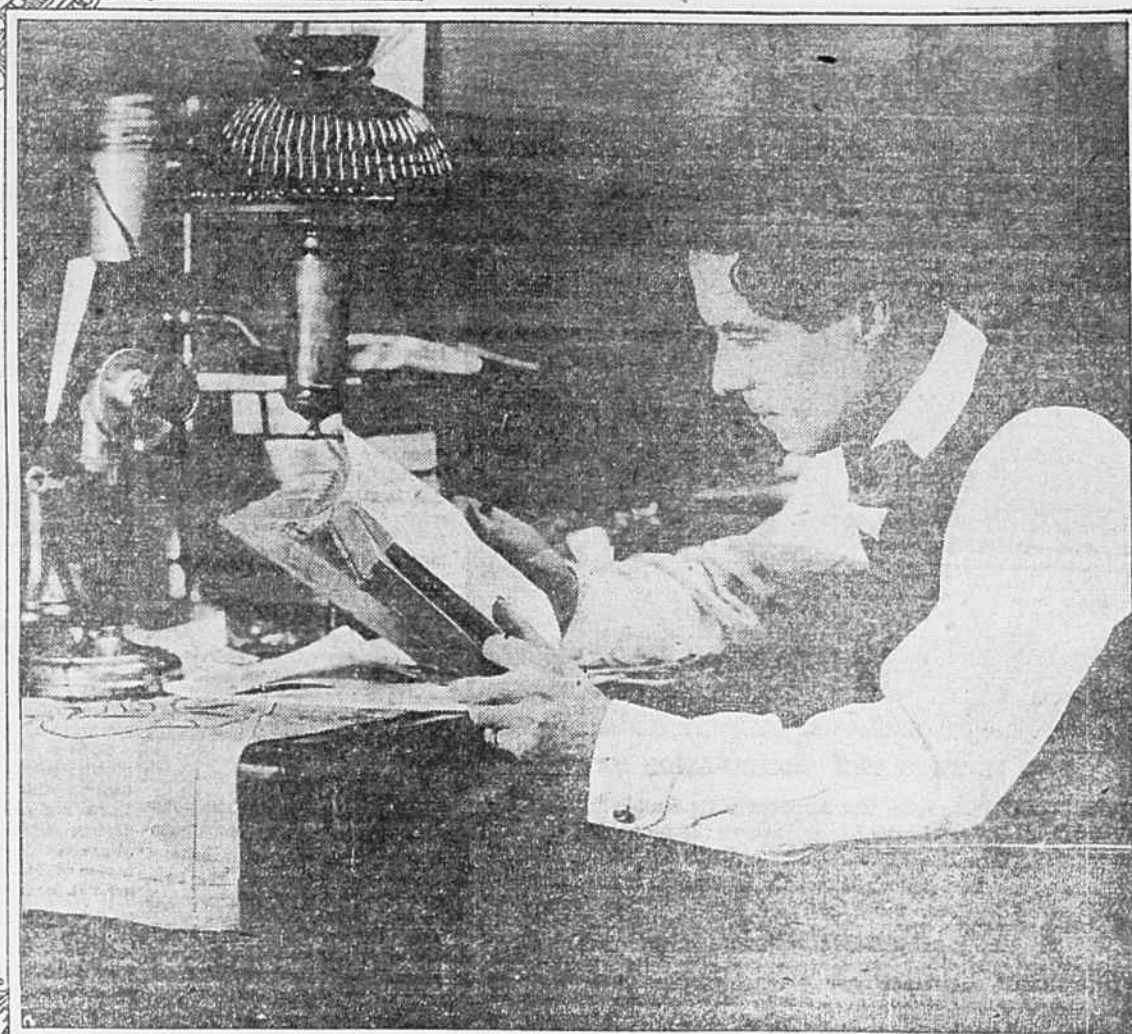
Still looking somewhat bewildered at the sudden call, Carter took the oath, and Langdon, after the preliminary

exactly how to describe him. He and Mr. Pollock were in on some deals together, and when the chief wanted anything special done, he allus sent Shale. Folks called Shale 'Dave's jackal'.

"Mr. Pollock seemed to think a lot of him, though, and took him around a good bit. When he was good humored, he used to say he took Shale along be-



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"Did he say anything about carrying

"No, sir, he did not. There was no reason why he should, sir, for I was only his servant."

"Was it one of a pair of revolvers?"

"No, sir. It was one he had had fixed especially to carry, sir."

"Watson, did Mr. Pollock telephone to anyone before or after dinner, that you know of?"

"Yes, sir. He went direct to the phone booth when he came in, and talked a long time. He seemed very angry, and suddenly he shouted, 'Dash you, you'll do as I say or by—I'll send you up. I've got the goods on you.'"

"Then he seemed to realize that somebody might hear, and lowered his voice. There was another call for him while he was eating and he went out, and answered it. He seemed angry at first, then pleased. He was in a much better temper when he came back."

The witness wiped his brow, and glanced at the spectators, as if looking for the sympathetic face of his wife.

In his excitement, and because the next question came so fast, he did not have a chance to see her.

"Watson, you say you saw Mr. Pollock after the theatre—where?"

"I had been to the show, sir, and was coming out when I saw Mr. Pollock just ahead of me. I thought he was looking for his limousine. I saw it and hurried up, intending to tell him where it was, when he caught sight of it himself. I was just behind him, therefore, when he stepped into it."

"Was there anyone in the automobile?"

"Yes."

"Then the engine made such a noise I couldn't hear any more. You know how those machines do drown out everything sometimes, sir."

"Had you ever heard the voice before?"

"I couldn't say, sir. I didn't notice."

The bailiff came and whispered a word in Langdon's ear, handing him at the same time a slip of paper.

On it was scrawled: "Pollock's chauffeur."

A smile on his face, Langdon said clearly:

"Call Frank Carter."

There was a stir through the courtroom, and some commotion as the chauffeur got to his feet in confusion, and stared at Langdon.

"Do you mean me?" he asked bluntly; and when the court crier repeated the name, "Frank Carter!" he scrambled over the intervening spectators and went down the room excitedly.

The Cast of Characters for THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE.

Philip Langdon, attorney for the defense, in love with Mary.....HENRY WALTHALL
Mary Page, theatrical star, accused of murder.....EDNA MAYO
Dave Pollock, pursuer of Mary, the man she is accused of murdering.....SYDNEY AINSWORTH
E. H. Daniels, theatrical manager.....HARRY DUNKINSON
Prosecuting Attorney.....JOHN H. COSSAR
Dan Page, Mary's father.....FRANK DAYTON
Mrs. Page, Mary's mother.....FRANKIE RAYMOND
Mr. Brandon.....EDMUND F. COBB
Detective.....FRANK HAMILTON
Mr. Shale, Pollock's business associate.....ARTHUR BATES
A stage hand (in court).....WILLIAM CHESTER
Ruth Pollock, Dave's sister.....FRANCES BENEDICT
Amy, an actress.....MARION MURRAY
Mary's maid.....MISS VALLI
Mr. Vernon.....MR. McREYNOLDS

questions, said slowly, as if seeking to make a definite effect:

"Mr. Carter, you drove Mr. Pollock continually, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you must have known most of his friends?"

"I did, sir, and some of his enemies," said the chauffeur grimly.

"Did you drive the limousine on the night Mr. Pollock was shot?"

"I did, sir," the witness answered readily.

He saw that he was important now, and, like most of his class, he rather enjoyed his sudden plunge into the limelight.

"Did Mr. Pollock take anyone to the theatre with him?"

"No, sir."

"Did he give you any instruction about what to do after the theatre?"

"Yes. He said that I was to wait for him near the corner, instead of coming back after the show. I may need you," he said, "and I'd rather you'd wait. If you stay at the corner I can see you, whether I come out at the front of the theatre or through the stage door."

"He took a guest back to the hotel with him after the performance, did he not?"

"No, sir."

The chauffeur was very emphatic.

"Do you mean that there was no one in the car except Mr. Pollock?"

"Oh, no—there was Shale. I thought you meant somebody else."

"Who is Shale?"

"Well, he's a sort of a pal of the chiefs—that is, he used to be. I dunno."

cause he knew what he was up to when he was with him."

"When did this man Shale join Mr. Pollock?"

"After the show, or, rather, during it. I had been off to get a snifter, and when I came back Shale was sittin' in the car smokin'."

"I'm waitin' for Dave," he says; and I says, 'Go as far as you like.' So he give me a cigar, and we sat there smokin' till the show was over and Mr. Pollock came out."

"Was Mr. Pollock surprised to see this man in the machine?"

"No. He was used to it. He seemed to have been expectin' him. I saw him looking about in the crowd as if he was huntin' someone, and when he saw Shale in the car he looked relieved."

"Did you drive direct to the Hotel Republic?"

"Yes, sir, we did."

"And Mr. Shale went in with Mr. Pollock?"

"Oh, no, sir. As soon as the car stopped he went off down the street and Mr. Pollock went into the hotel alone."

There was no doubt that both these unexpected witnesses had made a good impression.

The district attorney was not pleased; but Langdon, happy in the knowledge that the terrible ordeal for Mary Page was drawing to an end, left the courtroom that day feeling younger and full of power.

Soon—soon—

But he hardly dared to dream his wonderful dream.

[To be continued.]

Read This Thrilling Story and Then See the Pictures
at the Robinson Grand